

EDNA'S RECIPE

Written by

Linda Hullinger

Based on my short story "Justifiable Clause"

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MYRT HAWKINS, (70s), tired and irritated, comes in the back door carrying two bags of groceries. She plops them onto the counter.

ROY HAWKINS, (70s) her grumpy husband, approaches the counter.

ROY  
Where's my oatmeal cookies?

He searches through a bag.

Sneering, Myrt yanks the box of cookies out of the other bag and shoves them his way.

MYRT  
Here!

Roy digs into the box. Crams three cookies into his mouth.

ROY  
Where's the milk?

Myrt pulls out the carton of milk.

He grabs it out of her hand, rips it open, and gulps straight from the carton.

He belches, plops the carton onto the counter, and heads for the living room.

Scowling, Myrt unloads the bag. Flour. Sugar. Cocoa.

When she pulls out the bottle of ALMOND EXTRACT, she looks around, then quickly crams it into her sweater pocket.

ROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Myrt! Where's my antihistamines?  
I'm starting to itch again.

He sneezes then harshly blows his nose.

Myrt cringes. Takes out his bottle of antihistamines from the cabinet, notices there is only one tablet left, and grins.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You bringing 'em, or what?

Myrt grimaces.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Myrt hands Roy a glass of water and his last tablet.

ROY  
It's about time!

She growls and returns to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

There is a KNOCK at the back door. When Myrt opens it, she finds her well-dressed, attractive new neighbor EDNA BANKS (60S) standing there, her diamond earrings sparkling.

MYRT  
Edna. You look nice. Going  
somewhere?

EDNA  
Out of town for about a week.

MYRT  
Won't you come in for a minute?

Edna steps inside and notices the ingredients on the counter.

EDNA  
Looks like you're going to try that  
new cookie recipe I gave you.

Myrt peeks around the corner to see if Roy is listening.

MYRT  
(whispers) Yes. I'm going to  
surprise Roy.

EDNA  
He does love his cookies.

MYRT  
So, you're going to be gone a week?

EDNA  
Yes. Visiting my sister. Was hoping  
you could get my mail.

Roy clears his throat behind them, leaning against the door frame.

EDNA (CONT'D)  
Why, Roy. I didn't know you were  
standing there.

He winks.

ROY  
Just admiring the beauty...

His gaze goes to Myrt. He sneers.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Of the day, that is.

Edna smiles, checks her ruby watch.

EDNA  
I must go. Left the Caddy running.

Roy follows her to the door.

ROY  
Hurry back, now!

He turns back to Myrt.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm taking a nap.

Myrt sneers at him as he heads back to the living room.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Two trays of cookies sit on the counter. Myrt wipes the strands of gray hair on her brow with the back of her hand.

ROY (O.S.)  
Myrt, is that cookies I smell?

MYRT  
Yeah. Want to try some?

ROY (O.S.)  
What'd you think?

She stacks them high on a plate, pours a glass of milk, and heads toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roy sprawled out in the recliner, sits upright.

MYRT  
I've got to go back out. I forgot  
your antihistamines.

She hands him the plate and glass of milk.

On her way out, she picks up their cordless phone.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Myrt drops the phone into her purse, wraps her sweater around her shoulders and heads out the door. She GRINS fiendishly.

EXT. MYRT'S HOUSE - LATER

Myrt, walking down the sidewalk, bag in her hand, pauses when she sees a POLICE CAR in her driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The POLICEMAN is standing in the living room talking with Edna when Myrt walks in the front door.

POLICEMAN  
Mrs. Hawkins?

Myrt nods slowly.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
This lady said your husband yelled across the yard to call an ambulance for him. He'd eaten something he was allergic to and the phone was missing.

EXT. MYRT'S HOUSE - DAY

Myrt sits in the police car. Edna stands by the curb talking quietly with the policeman.

EDNA  
Myrt came over happy as could be last week. Said she'd finally convinced Roy to take out a million dollar insurance policy. (beat) And today she said she wanted to bake some cookies and surprise him.

The Policeman cocks an eyebrow.

POLICEMAN  
Looks like she planned to do more than surprise him.  
(MORE)

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Filling those cookies with  
something he was deathly allergic  
to.

EDNA  
Poor Roy. If only the ambulance  
could've gotten here in time.

POLICEMAN  
Well, you tried, ma'am.

The policeman gets into the police car and drives away.

INT. EDNA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Edna goes to her recipe box and takes out the cookie recipe.

EDNA (V.O.)  
Oh, Myrt planned to do more than  
surprise him. But, the surprise was  
on her.

Edna taps the words: ALMOND EXTRACT with her finger.

EDNA (V.O.)  
I knew Roy had nut allergies. A  
woman tends to learn a lot about a  
man who secretly buys her diamond  
earrings, a ruby watch, and a  
Caddy.

She tosses the recipe into the trash can then pulls a drawer  
open and takes out an insurance policy.

EDNA (V.O.)  
I also knew Roy suspected Myrt may  
have had a hand in his mother's  
sudden death. So, that's why he  
made me his beneficiary, instead.

She opens it up. Under beneficiary reads: EDNA BANKS.

EDNA (V.O.)  
The ol' sneezer simply refused to  
leave anything to a gold digger.

FADE OUT